

THE  
CHERRY  
AND THE  
SLAE

Compyled into *MEEETER*

By Captain  
*ALEXAND. MONTGOMERY,*



EDINBURGH

Printed by the Heir of *Andrew Anderson*,  
and are to be sold at his House,  
on the North side of the Cross,  
1682.







A  
Sweet Sonnet  
TO THE  
*Blessed Trinity*

By C. A. M.

Supream Essence, Beginner, unbegun,  
Say trinal One, and undivided three.  
Eternal word that victory hath won,  
O're death, o're hell, triumphing on the tree.  
Fore-knowledge, wisdom, and All-seeing Eye,  
JEHOVAH, Alpha, and Omega, Ail,  
Like unto none, and none like unto thee:  
Unmov'd, moving the rounds about the Ball.  
Container, uncontain'd, is, was, and shall  
Be sempiternal, merciful and just:  
Creator, uncreated, now I call  
Teach me thy truth, fith unto thee I trust:  
Increase, confirm, and kindle from above  
My faith, my hope, but by the love, my love.





THE  
CHERRIE  
AND THE  
SLAE.

**A** Bout a bank with balmy bews,  
Where nightingels their notes renews,  
with gallant goldspinks gay;  
The Mavis, Mire, and Progne proude,  
The Lintwhite, Lark, and Laverock loud,  
saluted mirthfull *May*.

When *Philomel* had sweetly sung,  
to *Progne* he deplored,  
How *Tereus* cut out here tongue,  
and failly her deflored.  
which story, so sorry  
to shew asham'd she seem'd,  
To hear her, so near her,  
I doubted if I dream'd.

2. The Cushat crowds, the Corbie cries,  
The Cucko cowks, the prattling pyes,  
to geck her they begin:  
The Largoun, or the jangling Jayes,  
The creaking, Crows the keckling Kayes,  
they deay'd me with their din:  
The painted Pawn with *Argo's* eyes,  
can on his Mayock call,  
The turtle walls on withered trees,  
and Echo answered all;  
Repeating, with greiting,  
how fair *Narcissus* fell,  
By lylng, and spying  
his shadow in the well.



3. I saw the Hurcheon and the Hare,  
In hidlings hirpling here and there,  
to make their morning mang :  
The Con, the Cunnie, and the Cat,  
Whose dainty downs with dew were wet,  
with stiff mustachoes strang.  
The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae,  
the Fulmart, and false Fox,  
The bearded Buck clamb up the brae,  
with birsie Bairs and Broks :  
Some seedling, some dreading  
the hunters subtile snares,  
With skipping, and tripping,  
they plaid them all in pairs.

4. The air was sober, soft and sweet,  
But misty vapour, wind, and weet,  
but quiet, calm and clear :  
To foster *Flora's* fragrant flowres,  
Whereon *Apollo's* paramours  
had trinkled many a tear ;  
The which like silver shakers shin'd,  
imbroidered beauties bed,  
Wherewith their heavy heads declin'd,  
in *Mays* colours clad.  
Some knopping, some droppings,  
of balmy liquor sweet,  
Excelling in smelling,  
through *Phœbus* wholesome heat.

5. Me thought an heavenly heartsome thing,  
Where dew like diamonds did hing,  
ov'r twinkling all the trees.  
To study on the flowrish'd twists,  
Admiring natures Alcumists,  
laborious busie Bees :  
Whereof some sweetest honey sought,  
to stay their lives to starve,  
And some the waxy vessels wrought,  
their purchase to preserve :



So heaping, for keeping,  
in it their hyves they hide;  
Precisely, and wisely,  
for winter they provide.

6. To pen the pleasures of that park,  
How every blossome branch and bark  
against the sun did shine,  
I pass to Poets to compyle  
In high heroick stately stile,  
whose muse surmatches mine,  
But as I looked mine alone,  
I saw a River rin,  
Out ov'r a steepy rock of stone,  
syne lighted in a Lin;  
With tumbling and rumbling  
among the roches round,  
Devalling and falling  
into a pit profound.

7. Through routing of the River sang,  
The Roches sounding like a sang,  
where Descants did abound;  
With Treble, Tenor, Counter, Meene,  
An Echo blew a Bas between,  
in Diapason sound;  
Set with the C sol fa uth Clief,  
with lang and large at list,  
With Quiver, Crotcher, Semibrief,  
and not a Minim mist:  
Compleatly, and sweetly,  
she firdown'd flat and sharp,  
Than Muses which uses  
to tune *Apoll's* harp:

8. Who would have tyr'd to hear that tune  
Which birds corroborat ay abone,  
with layes of lovesome Larks?  
Which climb so high in Chrystal skies,  
While *Cupid* wakened with the cries  
of natures Chappel-clarks.



Who leaving all the heavens above,  
alighted on the eard :  
Lo how that little Lord of Love,  
before me there appear'd,  
So mild-like, and child-like,  
with bow three quarters skant,  
Synce moyly, and coyly,  
he looked like a Saint.

9. A cleanly Crisp hang ov'r his eies,  
His Quiver by his naked thighs,  
hang in a silver lace :  
Of gold, between his shoulders grew,  
Two pretty wings wherewith he flew,  
on his left arm a brace ;  
This God soon off his gear he shook  
upon the garlie ground,  
I ran as lightly for to look  
where ferlies might be found.  
Amazed, I gazed,  
to see his gear so gay,  
Perceiving, mine having,  
he counted me his prey.

10. His youth and stature made me stout,  
Of doubtfulness I had no doubt,  
but boured with my boy :  
Quoth I how call they thee, my child ?  
*Cupido*, Sir, ( quoth he ) and smil'd,  
please you me to employ :  
For I can serve you in your suit,  
if you please to impyer,  
With wings to flie, and shafts to shoot,  
or flames to set on fire ;  
Make chole then, of thole then,  
or of a thousand things,  
But crave them, and have them ;  
with that I woo'd his wings.

11. What would ye give, my heart, quoth he,  
To have these wanton wings to flie,  
to sport thy sp'rit a while ?



Or, what If love should lend thee here,  
Bow, Quiver, shafts and shooting gear,  
some body to beguile ?  
This gear, ( quoth I ) cannot be bought,  
yet would I have it fain :  
What if ( quoth he ) It cost thee nought:  
but rendring all again?  
His wings then, he brings then,  
and band them on my back :  
Go flie now quoth he now,  
and so my leave I take.

12. I sprang up with *Cupido's* wings,  
Whose shots, and shooting gear resigns  
to lend me for a day.

As *Icarus* with borrowed flight,  
I mounted higher then I might,  
ov'r perillous a play .  
First forth I drew the double dart,  
which sometimes shot his mother,  
Wherewith I hurt my wanton heart,  
In hope to hurt another ;  
It hurt me, or burnt me ,  
while either end I handle :  
Come see now, in me now,  
the butterflie and candle.

13. As she delights unto the low,  
So was I browden of my bow,  
as ignorant as she ;  
And as she flies while she is fir'd,  
So with the dart that I desir'd  
mine hands have hurt me too,  
As foolish *Phaeton*, by suit,  
his fathers Chair obtain'd  
I longed in loves bow to shoot,  
not marking what it mean'd ;  
More wilful, than skilful,  
to flee I was so fond,  
Desiring, Impyring,  
and so was seen u pon't.



14. Too late I knew, who hews too hie :  
The spail shall fall into his eye,  
too late I went to schools,  
Too late I heard the swallow Preach,  
Too late experience doth reach  
the School master of fools.  
Too late I find the nest I seek,  
when all the birds are flown ;  
Too late the stable door I seek,  
when as the steed is stowen ;  
Too late ay, their state ay,  
as foolish folk espy,  
Behind so, they find so,  
remeed and so do I.

15. If I had riply been advis'd,  
I had not rashly enterpris'd  
to soar with borrowed pens :  
Nor yet had say'd the Archer craft,  
To shoot my self with such a shaft,,  
as Reason quite misakens.  
Fra wilfulness gave me my wound.  
I had no force to fle :  
Then came I groaning to the ground,  
Friend, welcome home, quoth he :  
when flew ye, whom flew ye,  
or who brings home the booting ?  
I see now, quoth he now,  
you have been at the shooting.

16. As scorne comes commonly with skaith,  
So I behove to bed them balth,  
so staggering was my state,  
That under cure I got such check ;  
Which I might not remove nor neck,  
but either stall or mair.  
Mine agony was so extream,  
I swelt and sown'd for fear,  
But ere I wakened off my dream.  
he spott'd me of my gear,

with



with flight then, on hight then,  
sprang *Cupid* in the skyes.  
Forgetting, and setting  
at noughr my carefull cryes.

17. So long with sight I followed him,  
While both my dazled eyes grew dim,  
through staring on the starns:  
Which flew so thick before mine eene,  
Some red, some yellow, blew and green,  
which troubled all my harns;  
That every thing appeared two  
to my barbulled brain:  
But long might I ly looking so,  
ere *Cupid* came again;  
Whose thundring with wondring,  
I heard up through the air:  
Through clouds so, he thuds so,  
and flew I wist not where.

18. Then when I saw that God was gone,  
And I in langour left alone,  
and sore tormented too,  
Sometime I sigh'd while I was sad,  
Sometime I mus'd and most gone mad,  
I doubted what to do;  
sometime I rav'd half in a rage,  
as one into despair:  
To be oppress'd with such a Page,  
Lord, if my heart was saie:  
Like *Dido, Cupido*,  
I widdle and I warle,  
Who freit me, and left me  
in such a feiry farle.

19. Then felt I *Courage* and *Desire*  
inflame mine heart with uncouth fire,  
to me before unknown:  
But then no bloud in me remains,  
Habusnt or boll'd within my veins,  
by loves bellows blown;

To



To drown it ere I was devour'd,  
with sighs I went about :  
But ay the more I shope to smoothe,  
the bolder it brake out ;  
Ay preasing but ceasing,  
while it might break the bonds,  
Mine hew so, forth shew so,  
the dolour of my wounds.

20. With deadly visage, pale and wan,  
( More like Anatomy than man, )  
I withered clean away ;  
As wax before the fire, I felt  
Mine heart within my bosome melt,  
and piece and piece decay :  
My veins by brangling like to break,  
my pulses lap with plith :  
So fervency did me infect,  
that I was vext therewith ;  
Mine heart ay, it start ay,  
the fiery flames to flie :  
Ay hoping, through lowping,  
to leap at libertie.

21. But ( O alasce ) it was abus'd,  
My careful corpe kept it inclos'd  
in prison of my breast :  
With sighs so sopped and ov'r-set,  
Like to a fish fast in a net,  
in dead thraw undercast,  
Which though ( in vain ) it strives by strength  
for to pull out her head :  
Which profits nothing at the length,  
but hastning to her dead :  
With thirsting, and wristing,  
The faster still is she :  
There I so, did ly so,  
my death advancing to.

22. The more I wrestled with the wind,  
The faster still my self I find,  
no mirth my mind could mease,



Then spare not, and fear not  
e noy then I had never none,  
s so alter'd and ov'rgone,  
hrough drought of my disease:  
weakly, as I might, I raise,  
my sight grew dim and dark,  
iggered at the windle-stracs:  
o token I was stark:

Both sightless, and mightless,  
I grew almost at once:  
In anguish, I languish,  
with many a grievous groan.

With sober peace yet I approach  
rd to the River and the Retch,  
whereof I spake before:

he River such a murmur made,  
to the sea it softly slade,  
the Craig was stay and shore;  
hen *Pleasure* did me so provoke,  
their partly to repair:

twixt the River and the Rock,  
where *Hope* grew with *Despair*.

A tree then, I see then,  
of Cherries on the Braes,  
Below too, I saw too,  
a bush of bitter Slaes.

The Cherries hang about mine head,  
e trickling Rubies round and red,  
so high up in the Heugh:  
hose shadows in the River shew,  
grairhly when they grew,  
on trembling twists and tough;  
hiles bow'd through burden of the birch  
declining down their tops:  
flex of *Phæbus* off the Firth  
now coloured all their knops,  
With dancing, with glancing,  
in trile as Dornick champ,  
Which streamed, and leamed,  
through lightness of that lamp.



25. With earnest eye while I spy  
The fruit between me and the sky,  
half gate almost to heaven;  
The Craig so cumbersome to climb,  
The tree so tall of growth and trim,  
as any arrow even;  
I call'd to mind how *Daphne* did  
within the Laurel shrink;  
when from *Apollo* she her hid  
a thousand times I think;  
That tree there, to me there,  
as he the Laurel thought,  
Aspyring, but tyring,  
to get the fruit I sought.

26. To climb that Craig it was no bult,  
Let be to prease to pull the fruit;  
in top of all the tree;  
I know no way whereby to come,  
By any craft to get it clumb.  
appearantly to me :  
The Craig, was ugly, stay and dreigh,  
the tree long, sound and smale,  
I was afraid to climb so high  
for fear to fetch a fall ;  
Afrayed, I stayed,  
and looking up aloft,  
Whiles minting whiles stinting,  
my purpose changed oft.

27. Then *Dread*, with *Danger*, and *Despair*,  
Forbade me minting any mair,  
to rax above my reach.  
What ? tush, (quoth *Courage* ) man, go to,  
He is but dast that hath to do ;  
and spares for every speech ;  
For I have oft heard sooth men say,  
and we may see't our selves,  
That fortune helps the hardy ay  
But pultrous ay repells ;



Then spare not, and fear not  
*Dread Danger* nor *Despair*,  
To hazards, hard hazards  
is death, ere they come there.

who speeds, but such as high aspires?  
who triumphs not, but such as tyres  
to win a noble name?

Shrinking what but shame succeeds?  
then do as thou wold have thy deeds  
in Register of fame.

put the case thou not prevail'd;  
so thou with honour die,  
thy life, but not thy courage fail'd,  
that Poets pen of thee;

Thy name then, from fame then,  
can never be cut off:

The grave ay, shall have ay,  
that honest Epitaph:

9. What canst thou lose when honour lives?  
known thy vertue ay revives,  
valiantly thou end.

both *Danger*, huly, friend, take heed,  
continous spurring spills the Steed,  
take tent what ye pretend;

though *Courage* counsel thee to climb,  
beware thou kep no skalth,  
gve thou none help but *Hope* and him,  
they will beguile thee baith:

Thy sell now, can tell now,  
the counsel of their clarks:

Wherethrow yet, I trow yet,  
thy breast doth beare the marks.

Burnt bairns with fire the danger dreads,

I believe thy bosome bleeds,

once last that fire thou felt:

slides that, findle time thou sees,

that ever *Courage* keeps the keyes

of knowledg, at his belt.

Though



Though he bid forward with the Guns,  
Small powder he provides :  
Be not a novice of that Nuns  
who saw not both the sides :  
Fools haste ay, almaist ay,  
ov'syles the sight of some :  
Who looks not, who huiks not  
what afterward may come.

31. Yet *Wisdom* wisheth thee to weigh  
This figure in Philosophy,  
a lesson worth to lear ;  
Which is, in time for to take tent,  
And not, when time is past, repent,  
and buy repentance dear ;  
Is there no honour after life,  
except thou slay thy self ?  
Wherefore hath *Atropos* that knife ?  
I trow thou canst not tell :  
Who but it, would cut it,  
which *Clotho* scarce hath spun,  
Destroying, the joying,  
before it be begun.

32. All ov'rs are repute to be vice,  
Ov'r high, ov'r low, ov'r rash, ov'r nice,  
ov'r hot, or yet ov'r cold :  
Thou seems unconstant by thy signs,  
Thy thought is on a thousand things,  
thou wats not what thou would.  
Let *Fame* her pity on the powre.  
when all thy bones are broken :  
Yon *Slae*, suppose thou think it sowre,  
would satisfie to flocken.  
Thy drouth now, of youth now,  
which dries thee with desire :  
Asswage then, thy rage then ,  
foul water quencheth fire.

33. What fool art thou to die athirst,  
And now may quench it if thou list,  
so easily but pain ?



the honour is to vanquish ane,  
then fight with ten some, and be tane  
and either hurt or slain.  
the practice is, to bring to pass;  
and not to enterprise:  
as good drinking out of glais,  
as gold in any wise:

Ile ever, have ever  
a fowl in hand, or tway,  
Than seeing ten fleeing  
about me all the day.

Look where thou light before thou lowp  
and slip not certainty for hope,  
who guides thee but beguess-  
both *Courage*, cowards take no cure  
to sit with shame, so they be sure:  
I like them all the less.

That pleasure purchast is but pain.  
For honour won with eale,  
it will not ly where he is slain,  
who doubts before he dies:

For fear then, I hear then  
but only one remed,  
Which late is, and that is,  
for to cut off the head,

What is the way to heal thy hurt?  
What way is there to stay thy sturt?  
What means to make thee merry?  
What is the comfort thou dost crave?  
Suppose these Sophists thee deceive,  
thou knows it is the cherrie.  
Nec for it only thou but thirsts,  
the Slac can be no bult:  
It also thine health consists,  
and in none other fruit.

Why quakes thou, and shakes thou,  
or studies at our strife?  
Advise thee, it lyes thee  
on no less then thy life.



36. If any patient would be panic'd,  
Why should he leap when he is lanc'd,  
or shrink when he is shoren ?  
For I have heard Chirurgeons say,  
Oft-times deserting off a day  
might not be mind the morn,  
Take time in time, ere time be flint,  
for time will not remain :  
What forceth fire out of the flint,  
but as hard match again ?  
Delay not, nor fray not,  
and thou shalt see it sa ;  
Such gets ay, who sets ay  
flout stomachs to the brace.

37. Though all beginning be most hard,  
The end is pleasant afterward,  
then shrink not for no showre :  
When once that thou thy greening get,  
Thy pain and travel is forget,  
thy sweet exceeds thy sowre :  
Go to then quickly, fear not their,  
to *Hope* good hap hath height,  
Quoth, *Danger*, be not sudden, Sir,  
the matter is of weight ;  
First spy both, then try both,  
advicement doth none ill:  
Thou may then, I say then,  
be wilful when thou will.

38. But yet to mind the Proverbial,  
Who uses Perils perish shal,  
short while their life them lasts.  
And I have heard ( quoth *Hope* ) that he  
Should never shape to sail the Sea,  
that for all perils casts.  
How many through *Despair* are dead,  
that never perils priev'd  
How many also, if thou read,  
of lives have we reliev'd ?

W



Who being, even dying,  
but *danger*, but despair'd ;  
A hunder, I wonder,  
but thou hast heard declar'd.

39. If we two hold not up thine heart,  
Which is the chief and noblest part,  
thy works will not go well :  
Consider, the companions can  
Diswadge a silly simple man  
to hazard for his hell.  
Suppose they have deceived some,  
ere we and they might meet,  
They get no credance where we come,  
in any man of sp'rit,  
By reason, there treason  
by us is plainly spy'd :  
Revealing, their dealing,  
which dow not be deny'd,

40. With sleekie Sophisms seeming sweet,  
As all there doing were discreet,  
they wish thee to be wise,  
Postponing time from hour to hour,  
But faith is underneath the flowre,  
the lurking serpent lyes ;  
Suppose thou seest her not a stime,  
while that she sting thy foot,  
Perceives thou not what precious time  
thy sleuth doth overshoot ;  
Alace man, thy case man,  
in lingring, I lament :  
Go to now, and do now,  
that courage be content

41. What if Melancoly come in,  
And get a grip ere thou begin?  
then is thy labour lost ;  
For he will hold thee hard and fast,  
Till time, and place, and fruit be past,  
and thou give up the ghost

B.

The



Then shall be graven upon that place  
which on thy tomb is laid,  
Sometime there liv'd such one, a lace:  
but how shall it be said?

Here lyes now, but praise now,  
Into dishonours bed,  
A coward, as thou art,  
who from his fortune fled.

42. Imagine, man, if thou were laid  
In grave, and syne might hear this said,  
would thou not sweat for shame?

Yes. faith, I doubt not but thou would:  
Therefore, if thou have eyes, behold  
how they would smore thy fame.

Go so, and make no more excuse,  
ere life and honour lose:

And either them or us refuse.

there is no other chose:

Confidet, together

that we do never dwel,

At length ay, but strength ay,

the pultrons we expel.

43. Quo'h *Danger*, since I understand,  
That counsel can be no command,

I have no more to say;

Except, if that thou think it good,

Take counsel yet ere ye conclude,

of wiser men than they;

They are but rackless, young and rash,

suppose they think us fleet:

If of our fellowship ye fash,

go with them, hardly be it;

God speed you, if ey lead you

who have not meikle wit,

Expel us, yee'll tell us,

hereafter comes not yet.

44. While *Danger* and *Despair* retir'd,

*Experience* came in and speir'd

what all the matter mean'd,

Wi



With him came *Reason, Wit, and Skill,*  
Then they began to ask at *Will,*  
where make you to, my friend?  
To pluck yon lustie Cherrie, lo,  
quoth he, and quite the Slae;  
Quoth they, is there no more-ado,  
ere ye win up the brae?  
But to it, and do it,  
perforce your fruit to pluck,  
Well, brother, some other  
were better to conduct.

45. We grant ye may be good enough;  
But yet the hazard of yon heugh  
requires a graver guide;  
As wise as ye are may go wrang,  
Therefore take counsel ere ye gang,  
of some that stand beside.  
But who were yon that ye forbade  
your company right now?  
Quoth *Will,* three Preachers to perswade,  
the poyson'd Slae to pow;  
They tratled, and prated  
a long half hour and mair;  
Foul fall them, they call them,  
*Dread, Dinger, and Despair.*

46. They are more fashious then of feck,  
Yon fazards durst not for their neck,  
climb up the Craig with us.  
Fra we determined to die,  
Or then to climb the Cherrie tree,  
they bode about the bush;  
They are condition'd like the Cat,  
they would not weet their feet;  
But yet, if any fish we get,  
they would be apt to eat.  
Though they now, I say now,  
to hazard have no heart,  
Yet luck we, or pluck we,  
the fruit we would not part.



47. But when we get our voyage won,  
They shall not then a Cherrie cun,  
who would not enterprise.  
Well (quoth *Experience*) yet boast,  
But he that reckons but his holt,  
oft-times he counteth twise;  
Yee sell the Bairs skin on his back,  
but bid while ye it get:  
When ye have done it's time to crack,  
ye fish before the net;  
VVhat hast, Sir, ye tast, Sir,  
The Cherrie ere ye pow'c?  
Beware, Sir, ye are, Sir,  
more talkative nor trowlt

48. Call *Danger* back again (quoth *Skill*)  
To see what ye can say to *will*,  
we see him shoat so strait,  
VVe may not trow what each on tells  
Quoth *Courage*, we concluded els,  
he serves our not for mate;  
For I Can tell you all perquiere:  
his counsel ere he come:  
Quoth *Hope*, whereto should he come here?  
he cannot hold him dumb;  
He speaks ay, and seeks ay,  
delay oft-times and drifts:  
To grieve us, and dleve us  
with sophilstry and shifts.

49. Quoth *Reason* why was he debar'd:  
The tale it ill cannot be heard.  
yet let us hear him anes,  
Then *Danger* to declare began,  
How *Hope* and *Courage* took the man,  
to lead them their lanes;  
How they would have him up the hill,  
but either stop or stay;  
And who was welcomer then *will*,  
he would be formost ay;



He could do, and should do,  
who ever would or dought;  
Such speedi: g, proceeding,  
unlickly was I thought.

40. Therefore I wisht him to beware,  
And rashly not run over far;  
without such guides as ye,  
Quoth *courage*, friend, I hear, you fall,  
Take better tent unto yon tale,  
ye said it could not be,  
Besides that; he would not consent  
that ever we should climb,  
Quoth *will*, for my part I repent  
we saw them more then him:  
For they are, the slayer  
of us as well as he:  
I think now, they shrink now,  
go forward, let them be.

51. Go, go, we do nothing but gucks,  
They say the voyage never lucks,  
where each on hath a voice  
Quoth *wisdom* gravely, Sir, I grant  
We were no worse your wit to want,  
some sentence now I note;  
Suppose you speak it but begesse,  
some fruit therein I find,  
Ye would be foremost, I confesse;  
but comes oft-times behind.  
It may be, that they be  
deceiv'd that never doubted,  
Indeed, Sir, that head, sir,  
hath mickle wit about it.

52. Then wilful *will* began to rage,  
And swore, he saw nothing in age,  
but anger, ire, and grudge:  
And for my self, (quoth he) I swear  
To quite all my companions here,  
if they admit you judge,

*Experience*



*Experience* is grown so old,  
that he begins to rave;  
The rest, but *Courage*, are so cold,  
no hazarding they have:  
For *Danger*, far stranger  
hath made them then they were,  
Go fra them; we pray them,  
who neither dōw nor dare.

53. Why may not we three lead this one?  
I led an hundred mine alone,  
but counsel of them all.

I grant (quoth *Wisdom*) ye have led,  
But I would speir how many sped,  
or furthered but a fall?

But either few or none I trow,  
*Experience* can tell.

He sayes, that man may wite but you,  
the first time that he fell:

He kens then, whose pens then,  
thou borrowed him to flie:

His wounds yet, which stounds yet,  
he got them then through thee.

54. That (quoth *Experience*) is true,  
*Will* flatter'd him when first he flew,  
*will* set him in a low,

*will* was his counsel and convoy,  
*Will* borrowed from the blinded Boy,

both Quiver, Wings, and Bow,  
Wherewith before he lay'd to shoot,  
he neither yield to youth:

Nor yet had need of any fruit  
to quench his deadly drouth

Which pines him, and dwines him  
to death, I wat not how;

If *will* then, dld ill then,  
himself remembers now.

55. For I *Experience* was there,  
(Likeas I use to be all where,)  
what time he wited *will*,



To be the ground of all his grief,  
As I my self can be a prief,  
and witness thereunto,  
There are no bounds but I have been,  
nor hidlings from thee hid,  
Nor secret thing but I have seen,  
that he or any did ;  
Therefore now no more now,  
let him think to conceal't;  
For why now, even I now,  
am debt-bound to reveal't.

56. My custome is for to declare  
The truth, and neither eke nor pair,  
for any man a jot.  
If wilful *Will* delight in lies,  
Example in thy self thou sees,  
how he can turn his coat,  
And with his language would allure  
thee yet to break thy bones :  
Thou knowes thy self if he be sure,  
thou us'd his counsel once :  
Who would yet, be bold yet,  
to wreak thee were not we ;  
Think on now, on you now,  
quoth *Wisdom* then to me.

57. Well, quoth *Experience*, if he  
Submits himself to you and me,  
I wot what I should say ;  
Our good advice ye shall not want,  
Providing alwayes that ye grant  
to put you *Will* away,  
And banish both him and *Despair*,  
that all good purpose spills ;  
So he will mell with him no mai'r,  
let them two flyte their fills ;  
Such scoffing but lossing,  
all honest men may use :  
That change now, were strange now,  
quoth *Reason*, to refuse.



58. Quoth *Will*, Fy on him, when he flew  
That pow'd not Cherries then anew,  
for to have stay'd his sturt.

Quoth *Reason*, though he bear the blame,  
He never saw nor needed them,  
while he himself had hurt :

First, when he mistre'd not, he might,  
he needs, and may not now  
Thy folly, when he had his flight,  
empashied him to pow :

Both he now, and we now,  
perceiv thy purpose plain,  
To turn him, and burn him,  
and blow on him again.

59. Quoth *Skill*, what would we longer strive  
Far better, late than never thrive,  
come let us help him yet :

That time we may not get again,  
We waste but present time in vain.

Beware with that, (quoth *Wit* )

Speak one, *Experience*, let see,  
we think you hold you dumb :  
Of by genes I have heard, quoth he,  
I know not things to come .

Quoth *Reason*, the season  
with slowthing slides away :  
First take him, and make him  
a man, if that you may.

60. Quoth *Will*, if he be not a man,  
I pray you, Sirs, what is he then ?  
he looks like one at least.

Quoth *Reason*, if he follow thee,  
And mind not to remain with me,  
nought but a brutal beast

A man in shape doth not consist,  
for all your taunting tales ;  
Therefore, sir *Will*, I would ye wist  
your Metaphysick falls ;



Go lear yet, a year yet,  
your Logick at the schools :  
Some day then, you may then,  
pass Master with the Mools.

1. Quoth *Will*, I marvel what you mean,  
Should I not trow mine own two een,  
for all your Logick Schools ?

If I did not, I were not wise,  
Quoth *Reason*, I have told you thrice,  
none ferlies more then fools.

There be more senses than the sight,  
which ye ov'rhale for haste,  
To wit, if ye remember right  
smel, hearing, touch and taste,  
All quick things, have sick things,  
I mean both man and beast,  
By kind ay, we find ay,  
fevv lacks then at the last.

2. So by that consequence of thine,  
Or syllogism said, like a Swine,  
a Cow may learn thee lair :

Thou uses only but the eyes,  
She touches, tastes, smells, hears, and sees,  
which matches thee and mare ;

But since to triumph ye intend,  
as presently appears,

Sir, for your Clergie to be kend,  
take you two Asses ears,

No Miter, perfyter,  
got *Medas* for his meed ;

That hood, Sir, is good, Sir,  
to hap your brain sick head.

3. Ye have no feel for to define,  
Though ye have cunning to decline  
a man to be a Mool,

With little work yet ye may vow'd,  
To be a gallant horse and good,  
to ride thereon at Yool.

C

But



But to the ground where we began,  
for all our guffles jest;  
I must be master of the man,  
But thou to brutal beasts:  
So we two, must be two  
to cause both kinds be known;  
keep mine then, for thine then,  
and each one use their own.

64. Then *Will*, as angry as an Ape,  
Ran ramping (wearing, rude and rape,  
saw he none other fault;  
He would not want an inch his will,  
Ev'n whethe'r did him good or ill,  
for thirty of his thrift,  
He would be foremost in the field,  
and master if he might;  
Yea, he should rather die then yield,  
though *Reason* had the right,  
Shall he now, make me now,  
his subject or his slave?  
No rather, my father  
shall quick go to his grave.

65. I hight him while mine heart is hea!,  
To perish first ere he prevall,  
come after what so may.

Quoth *Reason* doubt you not indeed,  
Ye hit the nail upon the head,  
it shall be as you say;  
Suppose ye spur for to aspire,  
your, bridle wants a bit;  
That mark may leave you in the mire,  
as sick as ye sit.

Your sentence, repentance,  
shall leave you, I believe,  
And anger you longer,  
when you that practick prieve.

66. As ye have dyed your decreet,  
Your prophesie to be compleat,  
perhaps and to your pains;  
It hath been said, and may be so,



A wilful man wants never wo,  
though he get little gains;  
But since ye think't an easie thing  
to mount about the Moon,  
Of your own fiddle take a spring,  
and dance when ye have done;  
If than Sir, the man Sir,  
like of your mirth, he may  
And spire first, and hear first,  
what he himself will say.

17. Then altogether they began  
And said come on thou martyr'd man,  
what is thy will? advise.  
What'd a bony while I bade,  
and mus'd ere I my answer made,  
I turn'd me once or twice,  
Beholding every one about,  
whose motions mov'd me malf,  
Some seem'd assur'd, some dread for doubt,  
*Will* ran red wood for haste,  
With wrining and flinging,  
for madness like to mang;  
*Despair* too, for care too,  
would needs himself go hang.

18. Which when *Experience* perceiv'd,  
Quoth he, remember it I rav'd,  
as *Will* alledg'd of late,  
When as he swear, nothing he law  
in age, but anger, slack and law,  
and canker'd in conceit;  
He could not luck, as he alledg'd,  
who all opinions speir'd;  
He was so frank and fiery edg'd;  
he thought us foule and edg'd,  
Who pances, with respect,  
quoth he, no worse help  
to some best, shal come best,  
who hap well, rack well rins.



69. Yet, ( quoth *Experience* ) behold,  
For all the tales that ye have told,  
how he himself behaves;  
Because *Despair* could come no speed,  
Lo here he hings all but the head,  
and in a widdle waves;  
If you be sure, once thou may see,  
to men that with them melle,  
If they had hurt or helped thee,  
consider by themselves,  
then chuse thee, to use thee,  
by us or such as you,  
Synce soon now, have done now,  
make either off or on.

70. Perceev'st thou not wherefra proceeds  
The frantick fantasie that feeds  
thy furlous flaming fire?  
Which doth thy bailful breast combure,  
That none indeed ( quoth they ) can cure,  
nor help thine hearts desire;  
The piercing passion of the spirit,  
Which wasts the vital breath,  
Doth hold thine havy heart with heat,  
desire draws on my death.  
Thy pounces, pronounces  
no kind of quiet rest,  
That fever, hath ever  
thy person so opprest.

71. Could thou come once acquaint with *Skill*,  
He knows what homours do thee ill,  
and how thy cares contracts,  
He knows the ground of all thy grief,  
And recepies of thy relief.  
all medicines he makes,  
Quoth *Skill*, come on content am I  
to put mine helping hand,  
Providing alwayes he apply,  
to counsel and command.

While



While we then, quoth he then,  
are minded to remain,  
Give place now, in case now  
thou get us not again.

72. Assure thy self, if that we fled,  
Thou shalt not get thy purpose sped,  
to heed, we have the told;  
Have done and drive not off the day,  
The man that will not when he may,  
he shall not when he would  
What wilt thou do? I would ye wist,  
accept, or give us ov'r.

Quoth I, I think me more then blest  
to find such famous four:  
Besids me, to guide me,  
now when I have to do,  
Considering, what swiddring  
ye found me first into.

73. When *Courage* cry'd a stomack stout;  
And *Danger* drave me into doubt,  
with his companion *Dread*:  
Whiles *Will* would up above the air,  
Whiles I am drown'd in deep *Despair*,  
whiles *Hope* held up mine head:  
Such Pithy reasons and replies,  
on every side they shew:  
That I who was not very wise,  
though all there tales were true:  
So many, and bony  
old problems they propon't:  
But quickly, and likely.  
I marvel meikel on't.

74. Yet *hope* and *Courage* wan the field,  
Though *Dread* and *Danger* never yield.  
but fled to find refuge:  
Yet when the four came they were fain,  
Because ye gart us come againe,  
they gien'd to get you judge,



Where they were fugitives before,  
ye made them frank and free,  
To speak and stand in aw no more,  
Quoth *Reason*, so should be;  
Oft-times now, but crimes now,  
but even perforce it falls:  
The strong ay, with wrong ay,  
puts weaker to the walls.

75. Which is a fault ye must confess,  
Strength was not ordain'd to oppress,  
with rigor by the right;  
But, by the contrair, to sustain  
The loaden which ov'rburdened been,  
as meekle as they might;  
So *Hope* and *Courage* did (quoth I)  
experimented like,  
Show skil'd and plchy reasons why  
that *Danger* lap the the dyke:  
Quoth *Danger*, Sir, take head, Sir,  
long spoken part must spill:  
Insist nor, we must not,  
we went against our will.

76. With *Courage* ye were so content,  
Ye never sought our smal consent,  
of us ye stood not aw;  
Then *Logick* lessons you allowed,  
And were determined to trow it,  
alledgeance past for Law:  
For all the Proverbs we persu'd,  
ye thought them skantly skill'd:  
Our reason hath been as well rus'd,  
had ye been as well will'd  
To our side, as your side,  
so truly I may tearm'e,  
I see now, in thee now,  
affection doth not affirm'e.

77. *Exp* r's ne then smirking smil'd,  
We are no bairns to be beguil'd,  
(quoth he) and shook his head;



For Authors who alledge us,  
They still would wine about the buse,  
to foster deadly feed ;  
For we are equal for you all,  
no persons we respect ;  
We have been so, are yet, and shal  
be found so in effect :

If we were, as ye were,  
we had come unrequir'd ;  
But we now, ye see now,  
do nothing undesir'd.

78. There is a sentence said by some,  
Let none uncall'd to counsel come,  
that welcome weens to be :

Yea I have heard another yet,  
Who came uncall'd unserv'd should fit,  
perhaps fir so may ye.

Good-man gramereie for your geck,  
(quoth *Hope*) and lowly lowts :

If ye were sent for, we suspect,  
because the doctors doubts ;  
Your years now, appears now  
with wisdom to be vext,  
Rejoycing, in glosing,  
till ye have tint your text.

79. Where ye were sent for let us see,  
Who would be welcomer than we,  
prove that, and we are pay'd,

Well (quoth *Experience*) beware,  
You know not in what case you are,  
your tounge hath you betray'd :

The man may able time a stor,  
who cannot count his kinch ;  
In your own bow you are ov'rshot,  
by more then half an inch.

Who wats, Sir, if that Sir,  
be sowre which seemeth sweet ;  
I fear now, ye hear now,  
a dangerous decreet,



80. Sir, by that sentence ye have said,  
I pledge, ere all the play be plaid,  
that some shall lose a laike.  
Since ye but put me for to prove,  
Such heads as help for my behove,  
your warrand is but weak;  
Speir at the man your self, and see,  
suppose ye strive for state,  
If he regrated not how he  
had learn'd my lesson late:  
And granted, he wanted  
both *Reason, Wit, and Skill,*  
Compleaning, and meaning  
our absence did him ill.

81. Confront him further face to face,  
If yet he rew his rackleses race,  
perhaps and ye shall hear,  
For ay since *Adam* and since *Eve*,  
Who first the leasings did believe,  
I sold thy doctrine dear.  
What hath been done even to this day,  
I keep in mind almaist,  
Ye promise further than ye pay,  
Sir *Hope*, for all your haste;  
Promitting, unwitting,  
your heghts you never hooked,  
I show you, I know you,  
your by-gones I have booked.

82. I would, Incase a count were crav'd,  
Shew thousand thousands thou deceiv'd  
wherethou wast true to one;  
And by the contrare I my want  
Which thou must (though it grieve thee) grant.  
I trumped never a man:  
But truly told the naked truth  
to men that mell'd with me,  
For neither rigour, nor for truth,  
but only loath to lie:

To



To some yet, to come yet,  
thy succour shal be slight,  
Which I then, must try then,  
and register it right.

83. Ha, ha, (quoth *Hope*) and lewdly leugh,  
Ye're but a prentice at the pleugh,  
*Experience* ye prieve;  
suppose all by-gones, as ye spake,  
Ye are no prophet worth a plack,  
nor I bound to believe.  
You should not say, Sir, till ye see,  
but when ye see it, say:  
Yet (quoth *Experience*) at thee,  
wake many mints I may:  
By sings now, and things now,  
which ay before me bears:  
Expressing, by guessing,  
the peril that appears.

84. Then *Hope* reply'd and that with plith,  
And wisely weigh'd his words therewith,  
sententiously and short?  
Quoth he, I am the Anchor grip,  
That saves the Sallers and there ship  
from peril to their pom.  
Quoth he, oft-times the Anchor drives,  
as we have found before;  
And loses many thousands lives,  
by ship-wrack on the shore:  
Your grips oft, but slips oft,  
when men have most to do:  
Synce leaves them, and reaves them  
of my companion too.

85. Thou leaves them not thy self alone,  
But to their grief when thou art gone,  
gars *Courage* quite them als,  
Quoth *Hope*, I would you understood,  
I grip fast if the ground be good,  
and fleets where it is false:  
There should no fault with me be found,  
nor I accus'd at all,

with



With such as should have found the ground  
before the Anchor fall:

Their seed ay, at need ay,  
might warn them if they would;  
If they there, would stay there,  
or have good Anchor hold.

86. If ye read right, it was not I,  
But only ignorance whereby  
their Carvels all were cloven:  
I am not for a trumper tane,  
All ( quoth *Experience* ) is ane,  
I have my procelis proven,  
To wit, that we are call'd each one  
to come before we came,  
That now objections ye have none,  
your self must say the same;  
Ye are now, too far now,  
come forward for to flee:  
Perceive then, ye have them,  
the worst end of the tree.

87. When *Hope* was gall'd into the quick,  
Quoth *Courage* kicking at the prick,  
we let you well to wit,  
Make he you welcomer than we,  
Then bygones bygones, farewell he,  
except he seek us yet:  
He understands his own estate,  
let him his Chistains chuse:  
But yet his battel will be blate,  
If he our force refuse;  
Refuse us, or chuse us,  
our counsel is he climb:  
But stay he, or stray he,  
we have no help for him.

88. Except the Cherrie be his chose,  
Be ye his friends, we are his foes,  
his doings we despise.  
If we perceive him settled fa,  
To satisfie him with the flac,



his company we quite.

Then *Dread* and *Danger* grew so glad,  
and wont that they had won,  
They thought all seal'd that they had said,  
sen they had first begun :

They thought then, they mought then,  
without a party plead :

But yet there with *Wit* there,  
they were dung down indeed.

89. Sirs, *Dread* and *Danger* then (quoth *Wit*)

Ye did your selves to me submit

*Experience* can prove :

That (quoth *Experienc*) I past,

Their own confession made them fast,

they may no more remote ;

For if I right remember me,

this maxime then they made,

To wit, the man with *Wit* should weigh,

what *Philosophs* had said :

which sentance, repentance

forbade him dear to buy,

They knew then, how true then,

and preat'd not to reply.

90. Though he dang *Dread* & *Danger* down,

Yet *Courage* could not overcome,

*Hope* height him such a hire.

He thought himself, so soon he saw

His enemies were laid so law,

It was no time to tire.

He hit the lorn while it was haet,

In case it should grow cold :

For he esteem'd his foes defeat,

when once he found them sold.

Though he now, quoth he now,

hath been so free and frank,

Unsought yet, he mought yet,

for kindnels coun'd us thank.

91. Suppose it so as thou hast said,

That unrequir'd we offer'd aid :



at least it came of love ;  
*Experience*, ye start too soon,  
Ye dow nothing while all be done,  
and then perhaps ye prove  
More plain than pleasant too, perchance  
some tell that you have try'd,  
As fast as ye your self advance,  
ye dow not well deny it :  
Abide then your tide then,  
and wait upon the wind ;  
Ye know Sir, ye owe, Sir,  
to hold them ay behind.

92. When ye have done some doughty deeds,  
Sync ye should see how all succeeds,  
to write them as they were,  
Friend, huly, haste not half so fast,  
Lest (*quoth Experience*) at last  
ye buy my doctrine dear.

*Hope* puts that haste into your head,  
which bolls your barmy brain ;  
Howbeit fools haste makes huly speed,  
fair heights makes fools be faine.  
Such smiling beguiling,  
bids fear not for no freets :  
Yet I now, deny now,  
that all is gold that gleets.

93. Suppose no silver all that shines,  
Oft-times a tentless Merchant times,  
for buying gear beguets.  
For all the vantage and the winning  
Good buyers gets at the beginning.  
*Quoth Courage*, not the lesse,  
Whiles as good Merchant tins as wins,  
if old mens tales be true ;  
Suppose the pack comes to the pins,  
who can his chance eschew ?  
Then good Sir, conclude, Sir,  
good buyers hath done baith :  
Advance then, take chance then,  
as sundry good ships hath.

94. Who



4. who wist what would be cheap or dear,  
should need no traffique but a year,  
if things to come were kend;  
suppose all bygone things be plaine,  
your prophesie is but prophane,  
ye had best behold the end.  
Ye would accuse me of a crime;  
almost before we meet;  
Torment me not before the time,  
since dolour payes no debt;  
what by-past, that I past,  
ye wot if it was well,  
To come yet, by dome yet,  
confesse ye have no fell.

5. Yet (*Quoth Experience*) what than;  
Who may be meetest for this man?  
let us his answer have:  
When they submitted them to me,  
To *Reason* I was faine to flee,  
his counsell for to crave.  
*Quoth* he, since ye your self submit,  
to do as I decreet,  
shall advise with *Skill* and *Wit*,  
what they think may be meet:  
They cry'd then, we bld them,  
at *Reason* for refuge:  
Allow him, and crow him  
a governour and judge.

6. So said they all with one consent,  
That he concludes we are content  
his bidding to obey:  
He hath authority to use,  
then take his chose whom he would chuse,  
and longer not delay:  
Then *Reason* rose and was rejoyc'd  
*Quoth* he mine hearts, come hither.

I hope



I hope this play may be compos'd,  
that we may go together ;  
To all now, I shall now,  
his proper place assign :  
That they here shall say here,  
they think none other thing.

97. Come on (quoth he) companions *Skill.*

Ye understand both good and ill,

In physick ye are fine :

Be Medciner unto this man,  
And show such cunning a ye can,  
to put him out of pain.

First gard the ground of all his grief ,  
what sickness ye suspect,

Synce look what he lacks for relief,  
ere further he infect ;

Comfort him, exhort him,  
give him your good advice,  
And pause not, nor skance not,  
the pearle nor the price.

98. Though it be cumbersome, what reck ?

Finde out the cause by the effect,  
and working of his veins ;

Yet while we grip it to the ground,  
See first what fashion may be found  
to pacifie his pains ;

Do what ye dow to have him heal,  
and for that purpose prease ;  
Cut off the cause, th'effect must fail,  
so all his sorrow cease.

His fever shall never  
from henceforth have no force,  
Then urge him, to purge him,  
he will not wax the worse.

99. Quoth *Skill.* his senses are so sick,

I konw no liqour worth a leek,  
to quench his deadly drough ;  
Except the Cherrie help his heat

Who



those tapple flockning sharp and sweet,  
might melt into his mouth.  
and his melancholy remove :  
to mitigat his mind :  
one wholsomer for his behove,  
nor more cooling of kinde.

No *Nectar*, director,  
could all the gods him give,  
Nor send him, to minde him,  
none like it, I believe.

o. For droughth decays as it digests,  
hy then (quoth *Reason*) nothing rests,  
but how it may be had :  
ost true (quoth *Skill*) that is the scope,  
t we must have some help of *Hope*.

Quoth *Danger*, I am red  
s hastineis breed us misshape,  
when he is highly horst :  
would we looked ere we lap,  
Quoth *Wit*, that were not worst.

I mean now, convene now,  
the counsel one and all ;  
Begin then, call in then,  
Quoth *Reason*, so I shall.

1. Then *Reason* rose with gesture grave,  
lyve convening all the lave,  
to see what they would say :  
ith silver scepter in his hand,  
Chlftain chosen to command,  
and they bent to obey ;  
e pased long before he spake,  
and in a study stood,  
e he began and silence brake  
come on, quoth he, conclude

What way now, we may now,  
yon Cherrie come to catch :  
Speak out, Sirs, about Sirs,  
have done, let us dispatch.



120. Quoth *courage*, scourge him first that skars  
Much musing memory but mars ;

I tell you mine intent.

Quoth *Wit*, who will not patty pance,  
In perils perishes perchance,

ov'r rackless may repent,

Then quoth *Experience*, and spake,

Sir, I have seen them balth,

In bairnlinesse, and ly a back,

escape and come to skaith :

But what now, of that now ?

sturt follows all extreame ;

Retain then, the mean then,

the surest way it seems.

103. Where some hes furthred some hes fall'd

Where part hes perisht, part prevail'd ;

allike all cannot lucke ;

Then neither venture with the one,

Or with the other let alone ;

the cherrie for to pluck,

Quoth *Hope*, for fear folk must not fash,

Quoth *Danger*, let not fight,

Quoth *Wit* be nether rude nor rash,

Quoth *Reason* ye have right.

The rest then, thought best then ;

when *Reason* said it so,

That roundly, and soundly,

they should together go.

104. To get the Cherrie in all haste,

As for my safety serving maist,

through *Dread* and *Danger* fear'd ;

The peril of that irksome way,

Left that thereby I should decay,

who then so weak appear'd ;

Let *Hope* and *Courage* hard beside,

who with them wont contend,

Did take in hand us for to guide

into our journey's end,



Imploding, and waiding,  
both two, their lives for mine,  
Providing, the guiding,  
to them were granted syne.

105. Then *Dread* and *Danger* did appeal,  
Alledging it could not be well,  
nor yet would they agree :  
But said, they should sound their retreat,  
Because they thought them no wayes meet,  
conducters unto me,  
Nor to no man in mine estate,  
with sickness sore opprest.  
For they took ay the nearest gate,  
omitting oft the best :  
Their nearest, perqurest,  
is alwayes to the m baith,  
Where they, Sir, may say, Sir,  
what reckes them of their skalth.

106. But as for us two now we, swear  
By him before whom we appear,  
our full intent is now.  
To have you whole, and alway was  
That purpose for to bring to pass,  
so is not theirs, I trow,  
Then *Hope* and *Courage*. did attest  
the gods at both these parts,  
If they wrought not all for the best  
of me with upright hearts :  
Our *Christain*, then lifting,  
his scepter, did enjoyn,  
No more there uproar there,  
and so their strife was done.

107. Rebuking *Dread* and danger sore,  
Suppose they meant well evermore,  
to me as they had sworn ;  
Because their neighbours they abus'd,  
In so far as they had accus'd  
them, as ye heard be forn,

D.

Did.



Did he not else (quoth he) consent  
the Cherrle for to pow?

Quoth *Danger*, we are well content,  
but yet the manner how;  
We shall pow, even all now,  
get this man with us there,  
It rest is, and best is,  
your counsel shall declare.

108. Well said (quoth *Hope* and *Courage*) now  
We thereto will accord with you,  
and shall abide by them.

Likeas before we do submit,  
So we repeat the samine yet,  
we mind not to reclaim;  
Whom we shall chuse to guide the way,  
we shall him follow straight;  
And further this man, what we may,  
because we have so heght;  
Promitting, but flitting,  
to do the things we can,  
To ease both, and please both,  
this silly sickly man.

109. When *Reason* heard this, then (quoth he)  
I see your chiefest stay to be,  
that we have nam'd no guide;  
The worthy Counsel hath therefore.  
Thought good that *Wit* should go before,  
for perils to provide.

Quoth *Wit*, there is but one of three,  
which I shall to you show,  
Wherefore the first two cannot be,  
for any thing I know,

The way here, so stay here,  
is that we cannot climb.

Even ov'r now, we four now;  
that will be hard for him.

110. The next, if we go down about,  
While that this bend of *Craigs* run out,



the stream is there so stark,  
And also passeth wedding deep,  
And broader far then we do leap,  
It should be idle wark;  
It growes ay broader then the sea,  
sen ov'r the Lin it came,  
The runing dead doth signifie  
the deepnesse of of the same.  
I leave now, to deave now,  
how that it swiftly slides,  
As sleeping and creeping,  
but nature so provides.

111. Our way then lyes about the lin,  
Whereby a warrand we shall win,  
It is so straight and plain;  
The water also is so shald,  
We shall it pass even as we wald,  
with pleasure and but pain:  
For, as we see the mischief grow  
oft of a fecklesse thing,  
So likewise doth this river flow  
forth of a pretty spring;  
Whose throat Sir, I wot Sir,  
ye may stop with your nieve,  
As you Sir, I trow, Sir,  
*Experience* can prieve.

112. That ( quoth *Experience* ) I can  
All that ye said, since ye began,  
I know to be of truth,  
Quoth *Skill*, the samine I approve,  
Quoth *Reason*, then let us remove,  
and sleep no more in struth.  
*Wit* and *Experience* ( quoth he )  
shall come before apace,  
The man shall come with *Skill*, and me,  
Into the second place;  
Attour nou, yow four now,  
shall come into a band,

Pro cee



proceeding and leading,  
each other by the hand.

113. As *Reason* ordained all obey'd  
None was ov'r rash, nor none afraid,  
our counsel was so wise :  
As of our journey *wit* did note,  
We found it true in every jot,  
God blesse our enterprise,  
For even as we came to the Tree,  
which as ye heard me tell,  
Could not be clumb there suddenly,  
the fruit for ripnesse fell :  
which tasting, and hasting,  
I found my self reliev'd  
Of cares all, and fares all,  
Which mind and body griev'd .

114. Praise be to God my Lord, therefore,  
Who did mine health to me restore,  
being so long time pyn'd :  
Yea blessed be his holy Name,  
Who did from death to life reclaim,  
me who was so unkind,  
All Nations also magnifie  
this ever-living Lord :  
Let me with you, and you with me,  
to laud him ay accord :  
Whose love ay, we prove ay,  
to us above all things ;  
And kisse him, and blesse him,  
whose glory eternall reigns,

Cap.



Cap. Alexander Montgomery *His*  
**L A M E N T A T I O N.**

I Have sinned, O Father, be mercifull to me,  
I am not worthy to be call'd thy child :  
That stubbornly so long have gone astray,  
Not as thy Son, but as a Prodigall wild.  
My filthy soul with sin is so defil'd,  
That Sathan thinks to catch it as a prey :  
Lord grant me grace that he may be beguil'd.  
*Peccavi, Pater, miserere mei.*

I am abas'd, how dare I be so bold  
Before thy holy presence to appear ?  
Or hazard once the Heav'ns for to behold ?  
Who am not worthy that the earth should bear;  
Yet damn me not, whom thou hast bought so dear.  
*sed saluum me fac, dulcis Fili Dei :*  
For out of *Luke* this lesson we do lear,  
*Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.*

If thou O Lord, with rigour wouldst revenge,  
What flesh before thee faultlesse shall be found ?  
Or who is he his conscience can him cleanse,  
To sin and Satan from his birth's not bound ;  
Yet of meer grace thou took away the ground :  
And sent thy Son our penalty to pay,  
To save us from that hideous hells hound:  
*Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.*

I hope for mercy, although my sins be huge  
I grant my guilt, and groan to thee for grace :  
Though I would flie, where should I find refuge ?  
In heaven, O Lord there is thy dwelling place,  
The earth thy foot-stool : and to the hells apace.  
Down go the dead ; for all must thee obey :  
Therefore I cry, while I have time and space,  
*Peccavi Pater, miserere mei.*

O gracious God, my guiltlesse forgive,  
In sinners death since thou dost not delight,

But



But rather would they should convert and live.  
As do witnesse the prophets in holy write :  
I pray thee, Lord, thy promise perfit  
In me, that I may with Psalmist say,  
I will thy praise and wondrous works indite,  
Therefore dear father be merciful to me.

Though I do slide let me not sleep in sleuth,  
Me to revive from sin, let grace begin :  
Make, Lord, my tongue the trumpet of thy truth  
And lend my Verse such wings as are divine ;  
Since thou hast granted me so good ingine,  
To praise thy Name with gallent still and gay,  
Let me no more so srim a talent tine :

*Peccavi, Pater, miserere mei.*

My sp'rit to speak, let thy Sp'rit Lord, inspire,  
Help, Holy Ghost, and be mine heavenly Muse :  
Flie down on me with forked tongues of fire,  
As on th' Apostles, with thy fear me infuse :  
All vice expel, teach me sin to refuse,  
And all my filthy affections, I thee pray ;  
Thy fervent love on me pour night and day,

*Peccavi, Pater, miserere mei.*

Stoup stubborn stomack that hast been ay so stout  
Stoup filthy flesh and carion made of clay ;  
Stoup, hardned heart, before thy Lord, and lout,  
Stoup, stoup in time, defer not day by day :  
Thou wots not when that thou must passe away,  
To the great glorie where thou must be for ay  
Goufesse thy sins, and think no shame to stay ,

*Peccavi, Pater, miserere mei.*

O Great J E H O V A H, to thee all glorie be given  
Who shoop my soul to thy similitude ;  
And to thy son whom thou sentst down from heaven  
When I was lost, he bought me with his blood ;  
And to the Holy Ghost my gulder good,  
Who must confirm my faith in the right way.  
*In me cor mundum crea* I conclude ;  
O heavenly Father, be merciful to me,

TH



Her



Her presence me restores from life to death,  
Her absence also shores to cut my breath,  
I wish in vain thee to remain,  
Since *Primum Mobile* doth say me nay;  
At least thy Wain, turn to again,  
Farewel with patience perforce this day.

P. S. A. L. 55.

*Declina malo, & fac bonum*

**L** Eave sin ere sin leave thee, do good,  
and both without delay;  
Lesse fit he will to morrow be,  
who is not fit to day.

*Non tardas, converti ad Deum.*

### *His Morning Muse.*

**L** Et dread of pain for sinles after times;  
Let shame to thee thy self enusured to,  
Let grief conceiv'd for foul accused crime,  
Let heat of sin the worker of thy wo,  
With dread, with shame, with grief, with heat enso  
To dew thy cheeks with tears of deep remorse.

So hate of sin shall make Gods love to grow;  
So grief shall harbour hope within thine heart;  
So dread shall cause the flood of joy to flow,  
So shame shall lend sweet solace to thy smart;  
So love, so hope, so joy, so solace sweet,  
Shall make thy soul in Heavenly bliss to fleet.

Wo where none hate doeth no such love allure,  
Wo where such grief makes no such hope procure;  
Wo where such dread doeth not such joy procure;  
Wo where such shame doth not such solace breed;  
Wo where no hate, no grief, no dread, no shame;  
No love, no hope, no joy, no solace frame.

**FINIS.**



















